

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.



"ARE YOU THEN A HEATHEN AND A PAGAN, SIR?"

CHAPTER VII.—AT HOWNSTON RECTORY.

"MARY, this is delightful—it is like old times to have you here again. We are all looking forward to your visit. I want most particularly to talk to you. Have you heard that Irene is coming to join us to-morrow?"

"Yes, I saw her not long since, and she told me she was to pay you a visit. She seemed very

much pleased about it. Methinks that of late she has been something over-pensive and grave: but I have not been able to divine the cause. Do you know it, Athol?"

Athol and Mary were sitting together in a spacious yew arbour at the far end of the rectory garden. The rectory was a home-like mansion of warm red-brick, and was pleasantly placed just upon the outskirts of the town, and about five minutes' walk from the church. It was shut

in from the outer world by high walls, draped with ivy, at the foot of which grew tall white lilies, and in due course a succession of handsome old-fashioned flowers blossomed out against the glossy background—golden sun-flowers, many coloured hollyhocks, blue delphinium and the graceful columbine. The garden was Athol's special domain, and in the summer the bulk of her time was spent here. Mary was almost as much addicted to an open-air life, and many confidences had been exchanged before now in that pleasant arbour.

"In sooth, Mary, it is about this very thing that I most wish to speak," said Athol, "it is not very long that I have known it myself, and ever since it came to my ears I have longed to take counsel with you: but until I could have you to myself there seemed no opportunity of mooting the matter."

"Then there is something going on of which I am ignorant? Yet Irene is not wont to be backward in speaking her mind to me."

"I doubt me much," returned Athol, "if our sweet Irene knows the meaning of what is in store for her. She may have heard hints dropped which trouble her: but I doubt it be more than that."

"And what then is this matter?" asked Mary with interest.

"Why none other than that of her marriage," answered Athol, "it seems, though I scarce knew it before, that my fair cousin will be mistress of a pretty fortune when she reaches years of discretion. When Madam's sister, after whom she was named, died some six years back, she left her wealth to Irene, and this lying idle all these years has come to a pretty penny. And now that she has passed her nineteenth birthday, and is not far from coming into her inheritance, Madam is beginning to think of marrying her to some suitable husband, and it seems that my young Lord Lovel of Wilton Abbots is the man upon whom their choice has fallen."

Mary's eyes opened wide in surprise.

"But hath Irene ever seen this young lord? I have never heard his name pass her lips, though I have heard it from other quarters," and Mary looked so exceedingly grave that Athol laughed lightly.

"Ay, you have heard little good of it, I warrant. My Lord Lovel is a gay young spark, and is spending his money something too freely since he came into the property. But, notwithstanding that, good Mary, he is a very proper youth, as handsome as a young Apollo, with the bluest eyes and the sweetest smile. Why, when George brought him here one day I could have found it in my heart to fall in love with him myself, had I not but just plighted my troth to my good cousin Fulk, so that he came just too late to make another conquest of poor me," and Athol laughed once more right merrily.

But Mary's face was still grave. These subjects were to her something too serious for idle jesting; and her companion, seeing the look upon her face, and remembering the tragic story of her young love, suddenly quieted down and spoke more seriously again:

"I prithee pardon my levity, good Mary. I mean no hurt by these jests. But listen farther and I will tell all. Although Irene has not to her knowledge seen Lord Lovel, he has seen her more than once, and is greatly taken by her rare beauty. The dowager Lady Lovel and Madam have been putting their heads together, and already he has made formal application to be permitted to pay his addresses. Now comes in my plot and plan. We all know what Madam is like—any day she may call her daughter to her and tell her that Lord Lovel is coming to woo her, and that she is to return a gracious answer to his suit. She thinks her child is as wax in her hands, and that she has only to command to be obeyed. But methinks you and I know Irene something better. There is a large spice of the Fortescues' strength of will in her composition, to say nothing of the silky stubbornness of Madam herself. I misdoubt me much that she will love or marry to order, and therefore I have arranged this plot to try and smooth her way."

"What plot?" asked Mary with interest.

"Why, listen, and I will tell you. Irene comes to us to-morrow, and in the course of the week George will ride hither from York—nay, frown not, Mary, he will not be more than a passing guest of a night—and with him will come a friend, whom we will call by some other name than Lord Lovel. His winning ways and handsome face will make I doubt not a deep impression upon our timid woodland flower, if she can but meet him without fear and prejudice. Then when he comes again in the guise of lover, she will find it none so hard to yield him the hand and heart that have been already all but promised in her name."

Mary smiled a little as she heard this plan, so characteristic of the romance-loving Athol: but she knew enough of Irene's position at home to be glad enough that her way should be smoothed as far as might be possible. The fashion of marrying off daughters almost at the bidding of the parents had not yet become obsolete, and neither the Squire nor his lady were likely to heed the plaint of a daughter whom they regarded almost as a child, when a brilliant future seemed looming before her. If Lord Lovel were the husband selected for her, it would certainly be a great saving of pain if she could learn to like him before he was presented as an almost accepted suitor: and none knew better than Mary that Irene, with all her outward submissive gentleness, was imbued with a very decided will of her own, and a tenacity of purpose which she seemed to have inherited from both parents. She might be led, but she never would be driven—at least not beyond a certain point.

Next day Irene herself arrived, and was affectionately welcomed by her two girl friends, and with cordiality by the Rector and his sister. Miss Fortescue was rather a character herself. She had kept house for her brother ever since the death of his wife, now more than twelve years; and she was a greater power in the parish than he, and if somewhat feared by the ne'er-do-wells, greatly respected by all sober and decent folks. The fashion of modern district visiting, mothers'

meetings, Sunday schools and parochial guilds was then unknown; but Miss Fortescue—Mrs. Bridget as it was the fashion of the day to call her, was something of a pioneer in these matters, and had a certain organisation of her own which was considered a decided innovation, though she was by no means unpopular on account of her eccentricities. She was acquainted with almost every man, woman and child in the parish. She had worried the men into depositing in her hands a certain portion of their wages during the busy summer months, so that they might feel the pinch of the winter season less bitterly when it came. She had taught the better disposed amongst the women to be clean and thrifty in their homes, and had put down many vices which once stalked unreprieved, by the sharpness of her tongue and her resolute determination to get her own way.

In addition to her energetic labours in the parish, Miss Fortescue was most hospitably inclined towards those of her own standing in life, and the Rectory was the centre of much pleasant hospitality and social festivity. Athol was herself a magnet drawing many to the house, and the Rector was universally popular. The very day that Irene arrived, there was a little gathering of friends to sip tea and play cards in the Rector's pleasant drawing-room, and the girl had scarce exchanged greetings with her relatives before Athol carried her off to change her riding suit for something more appropriate to the occasion. There was just the possibility that Lord Lovel might put in an appearance—he was so often backwards and forwards on his way betwixt Wilton Abbots and York, where the regiment was quartered—and it certainly behoved that his lady-love should produce upon him the same impression which, it was hoped, he would produce on her.

A maid, whom Irene had brought with her, was in the room unpacking the bulky saddle-bags which contained her mistress's wardrobe; Athol looked critically at the gowns as they were drawn out, and then began to laugh a little.

"Sure, sweet coz, you have brought something besides these dim, Quaker-like garments? Why, there is scarcely one that I would be seen abroad in! Where are all your pretty costly robes of silk and lace?"

The swift colour mounted to Irene's face as she answered gravely:

"Dear cousin, I love these plain garments better. I love not to bedizen myself so finely when there be so many poor creatures lacking bread, nor to flaunt about like a peacock, when we are bidden to walk soberly, and to let our adornment be that of the heart and spirit."

Athol suddenly raised her head and gazed with curiosity upon Irene.

"Why, child, hast turned Methodist?" she asked quickly.

Irene's face was in a glow, but she spoke quietly enough:

"Nay, I have turned nothing; I only strive to do what is right, and walk after the pattern laid down in our Bible. Is there aught of harm in that, Athol?"

"Nay, ask me not—I am none of your theologians and choppers of logic. I only know that these mad Methodists teach that all we who adorn ourselves as our station in life warrants—nay, demands—are walking straight into hell; and that only the other day the two daughters of our good doctor called to see us, dressed like veritable Quakers. I know not what to make of it, but they said they had been hearing Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley preach in this place and the other, and that they were assured that they had the truth. So that, though they used to go so gay, and though their mother greatly grieves over their stiff-necked obstinacy about it, they will persist in going about so as to draw all eyes upon them. They began to rail against my new habit which father gave me—pale blue taffeta embroidered in white silk and laced with silver—you must see it one of these days—but Aunt Bridget came down upon them then in her quick way, and they were glad enough to slink off with their tails between their legs—as we say of whipped dogs."

"What did aunt say?" asked Irene, with heightened colour.

"Oh, just a few of her quick, sharp, common-sense sayings. She told them that it was a strange creed that taught folks that God could only save those who wore certain colours on their backs, and that His grace was held off by a few golden ornaments or a stylish robe. She said that at that rate the devil was a far greater lord than He, for he could get into a sad coloured garment as well as a gay one, and teach young folks disobedience to the wishes of parents, which the law and the Gospel alike condemned. She said that she had always believed that God looked upon the heart and soul, and judged His children by their love and faith and zeal; but that, of course, if He went by the outward dress, the tailors and sempstresses would have a deal to answer for, as they would be the keepers of the gates of the world to come."

Irene shrank back a little, but only said quietly:

"I do not think Aunt Bridget quite understands. Is it not true that gay apparel often takes up too much of our time, our thought, our money?"

But Athol put up her hands to her ears, laughing.

"Sweet coz, spare me. Do I not hear only too much argument and disputing, which, since these Methodists have been disturbing the peace of our land, seem never to cease from day to day and week to week? Let us at least agree to differ, and not to argue and prate. I was never meant to be a theologian. If you must talk, pray talk to Aunt Bridget, or to our grave Mary here."

"But I do not want to talk," answered Irene, very decidedly, "I only want leave to think for myself."

However, when the pale grey robe was donned, Irene looked so fair and pure and innocent, that Athol pronounced herself content, though she insisted in pinning a bunch of blush roses upon one shoulder, thus giving the touch of colour which was needed for artistic effect.

The evening passed pleasantly away, and so did the days following. The girls spent most of their time together in the pleasant garden or riding out, sometimes attended by a servant, or with the Rector; and although it was tolerably evident that some change had passed over Irene, though she was graver than her wont, more prone to solitary musing and reading, more decided in some of her words and ways, nothing like an argument was ever provoked, and Athol made much of her and tried to coax her into the high spirits natural to herself, hoping day by day that the lover would appear, and that the conquest on both sides would be mutual.

And in time the meeting was achieved—but with scarcely the result hoped and planned. George Fortescue wrote word that he and his friend would be with them on Sunday at some hour in the afternoon; and punctual to the moment the young men made their appearance. Both were in semi-military dress, the bravery of which was well set off by the handsome faces and figures of the young officers. Mary looked with great interest at Lord Lovel, and certainly could not deny that there was much beauty in the smooth boyish face, framed in the golden hair which grew so abundantly and curled of itself so naturally that there was no need to conceal it by any false wig. The winning charm of which Athol had spoken was easily perceived, and was not without some slight effect upon Irene at the moment of introduction; yet Mary's clear-seeing eyes detected traces even in that youthful countenance of what would now be termed hard-living. Soft and gentle as was the voice and polished the manner, the fashionable oaths and expletives dropped freely from his lips: and although this manner of speaking was too common to excite remark even from ladies, it always pained Mary to hear it; and now it was evident that Irene shrank from the sound of the words that she had heard of old without heeding their significance.

Lord Lovel took the seat beside Irene, and strove to better the acquaintance. He knew that she was a Fortescue—the daughter of Madam, of whose fame he had heard; and he thought he was in an easy way of winning her approval.

"Sweet mistress, we should have been here before, but were let by a piece of sport as rare as any I have ever witnessed. As we rode hither across the country, we chanced, not many miles from here, upon one of those mad fellows they call Methodists, perched precariously upon a table beneath an oak, holding forth his wild doctrines to a congregation of many hundreds. Hard by we had seen some honest fellows baiting a bull, so back we turned and bid them drive the infuriated animal amongst this congregation and straight up to the preacher. I would, fair lady, you could have been there to see the sport. We on our horses had the most excellent view, and were of no small service in driving the beast straight upon the table, which was promptly overturned, landing the madman sprawling on the ground, his faithful flock rushing screaming hither and thither, charged first one way and then another by the bewildered and furious beast. I

would have gone a day's journey any time to see such sport."

"Was the good man hurt?" asked Irene breathlessly.

"Nay, I know not, he may be killed for aught I care," was the negligent answer, "if not, it may teach him a lesson that he will do well to take to heart. I have no patience with these meddling fools; I would we had a bull or a bear for each one of them."

"Are you then a heathen and a pagan, sir?" asked Irene with a sudden flash in her eye, "that you would strive to do to death every godly man who comes to speak salvation to lost souls?"

The young man was so astonished that he could only gaze at the lady as one might gaze at some shy wild bird who had suddenly flown in one's face with intent to attack. He appeared to have no words ready, but Miss Fortescue came quickly to the rescue of the mutually embarrassed couple by saying in her quick way:

"No wraugling, niece, in my parlour, if you please; and you, young sir, have a care to your words, for I like not these godless doings on the Lord's day, though I hold not with these innovations and new-fangled ways of doing good. If folks would not make such a rout about these open-air preachings, it would be better for every one. It is no new doctrine the leaders of the Methodists teach. They are ordained clergy, every one of them: and if we had lent them our pulpits more freely, we might have been saved much trouble."

"Surely, madam, you hold not with them?" said Lord Lovel.

"Hold with them? no. I hold that they talk a vast deal of nonsense, and, for my part, I like not a creed which scares folks almost to madness, and throws poor little children into fits and convulsions of agony, fearing the terrors of hell, into which these good men will have it everybody must fall who is not instantly converted, as they term it, in a moment of time. So people say of them. I don't find that kind of doctrine in my Bible. Folks were mighty slow to come to our Lord when He was in the very midst of them, and I don't see that they can expect them to be more forward now. But then, with all the nonsense they add of themselves, they speak sound sense and sound theology too, if one does but take the trouble to sift it. So no more preacher-baiting with wild bulls for me, if you please, young sir. You won't find that line of conduct upheld in your Bible; and those who wish to pose as champions of the church would do well to study that book as thoroughly as the despised Methodists do. Will it please you to lead my niece into the parlour, and we will have a dish of tea to refresh us?"

This was Mrs. Bridget's way of intimating that the discussion was at an end: and Irene, who had turned pale and red alternately as her aunt had been speaking, was forced to admit that she was right in closing debate at this point. It might be cowardly to be glad to be spared speaking out boldly for what she held to be the truth, but glad she undoubtedly was; and young Lord

Lovel, who was not deficient in tact, and felt that he had made but a poor start in his courtship, was thankful enough to drop the vexed question of the Methodist revival, and launch out upon more congenial themes.

But even here he found Irene less responsive than he felt he had a right to expect. She had not seen the last new play in York; and when he hoped that he would have the happiness of seeing her at the theatre one of these days, she shrank back slightly and said she thought not. She had no wish at all to witness any play, not even though David Garrick himself should come, as was talked of, to display his powers there. Neither could he arouse her to any interest in the ball shortly to be held in the city, in honour of the victory over the Pretender at Culloden early in the year. Irene professed no desire to be present, rather the reverse, and was gently rallied for her disloyalty to the King by this indifference.

"It is said that no Methodist will be present," lightly replied Lord Lovel, "and that is, to my thinking, a plain enough proof that what we say of them is true, and that they are all more or less papists in disguise, bound together to do all they can to stir up rebellion, and in the end bring back the Jacobite princes. They begin by stirring up strife and rebellion at home, setting children against parents, and servants against their masters. It will all pave the way for the greater rebellion.

So be careful, sweet mistress, how you appear to disdain our festivities. For men will say of you that you are a little papist in disguise too—or a Methodist—which comes to much the same thing."

Irene's face was crimson, but she made no response, and the talk once more drifted away. The evening sped on in pleasant and easy fashion. Athol played upon the harpsichord, and Mary sang one of Mr. Handel's new airs from his new oratorio.

When the girls went to bed together soon after half-past nine o'clock, Athol followed Irene into her room and gently and playfully rallied her upon the marked attentions paid to her by her fascinating "beau." But Irene was for once not as easy to deal with as was her wont. Her gentle face flushed hotly, and she cried with unwonted impatience,

"Speak not to me of him; I would I might never see him more."

"Sweet coz, why such heat? Is he not a likely youth?"

"I know not aught of that. He may be one after your heart, Athol. But I dislike and I mistrust him sorely. I am sure and certain that he is not a good man."

Athol went away with a grave face, and as she closed her own door upon herself she whispered,

"What has come over the child of late? I never knew it thus with her before."

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

I.—THE HEAVENLY VISION.

"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."—*Acts xxvi. 19.*

MEN are wont to see visions and dream dreams; visions which allure them onward to salvation or perdition, dreams which they are ever seeking to transform into tangible reality.

There was a vision before the eye of Saul of Tarsus, of this earth, and in part, of his own creating. It took shape in a great measure out of the circumstances of his birth; it was such a vision as would naturally be seen by one who was "of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews." Moreover, the vision took the colour of that "strictest sect of the Jews' religion" to which he who saw it belonged. It was the vision of a justification wrought out for the man by the man himself, a salvation of his own obtaining; the dream of a life by which he would become "touching the righteousness which is in the law blameless." Perchance, too, there rose before the mind of Saul a vision of fame and renown. His epistles point him out as a man of profound intellectual power; his life's story declares him a man of wondrous energy, daring, persistency. He had attached

himself to the most illustrious rabbi of his day, one of the most celebrated in the records of Judaism. Might not this young Pharisee hope to succeed to some measure of the fame and influence of his master Gamaliel, and to be written on the same roll of merit with those whom his nation and generation delighted to honour—Simon the Just, Abtalion, and the great Hillel?

Circumstances, too, favoured such ambition; he was "a young man," but apparently was already wielding influence in the ecclesiastic councils of his people—giving his vote, and entrusted with inquisitorial powers.¹ Probably if one part of this self-made earthly vision glowed with brighter hues it was the destruction of the Nazarene heresy; against this, to use his own words, he was "exceeding mad." He had with full conviction and an unwavering resolve taken up the cause of Judaism against the earliest professors and martyrs of this new religion. No methods seemed too harsh, no deed too cruel that helped to

¹ *Acts xxvi. 10. R.V.*

secure its overthrow. Were there not stories current in the sacred books, and on the tongues of his people, of mighty heroes who had defended the altars of Jehovah? might not Saul the Pharisee imitate their zeal and share their renown? There was Phinehas, who, with his javelin, thrust through the Israelite that had fallen away to the wanton worship of Baal-Poor. There was Elijah the Tishbite, a champion of the God of Israel, at whose bidding the water of Kishon was reddened with the blood of Baal's prophets. There was King Josiah, who in holy wrath destroyed the very emblems of the idolatry which his father had set up. There was the Maccabean family, each member a hammer in the Divine hand to smite to pieces the pollutions which heathenism had set up on the Temple hill. Might not Saul also, striving against the evils of his own day, cast down the altars of a new worship, and root out this Nazarene heresy? And this relentless, un pitying man, daring of spirit, strong in conviction, who had drunk from the very fountains of Judaism, seemed fitted for the task of which he dreamed, fitted to accomplish the vision which beckoned him on, and to become the very Torquemada of a Jewish Inquisition.

But there arose before him another vision; no longer a self-made and earthly, but, as he terms it, a "heavenly vision." It showed him the men and women whom he would hale to prison, would condemn to suffering or death, or compel to blaspheme: but he—Saul of Tarsus—was of that martyr-throng. It showed him that Jesus whom they acknowledged as the Messiah and the Son of God as presented by Saul, and yet demanding "Why persecutest thou Me?" It showed to him himself, as one called not to destroy but to spread this Galilean faith, to believe in, love and serve this Christ who was now the object of his bitter hatred, to find in Him the object of his life's whole energy, of his heart's undivided devotion. It showed him this despised and crucified Jesus, as One full of truth and beauty, "declared the Son of God with power by the resurrection of the dead." He beheld a new vision, heavenly and divine. If he yielded to its call and fascination, it would change and wholly transform his life; it would substitute for the righteousness he had sought in the law a "righteousness which is of God by faith," for the career chosen by him as a learned rabbi, a strict Pharisee, a pupil of Gamaliel, the life of an apostle to the Gentiles; for the renown he had hoped for as the Phinehas or Elijah of a later Judaism, a life of poverty, toil, obscurity, persecution and martyrdom, as the herald of a faith which once he destroyed. And that self-made vision of zeal and patriotism, and fame which flashed and glowed in brightest colours, he surrendered for one of more sombre hue—he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

In these words St. Paul puts before us the crisis of his spiritual life. The conversion of the apostle is perhaps more commonly associated with those external and supernatural events which happened on the road to Damascus: but here he tells us the elements of his inner experience.

His conversion—that event so momentous to himself, to Gentile Christianity, and to the Church at large—was a sharp struggle between two fascinations; the listening to two diverse voices and the spurning of one; the beholding two visions, one enticing, the other stern and dark, yet rejecting the enticing and earthly and obeying the heavenly and divine. And although the path he then chose had often been very rugged: "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness:"¹ though now through the malice of the Jews he is the prisoner of the Roman Emperor, it is with evident thankfulness and in tones of victory that St. Paul before Agrippa sums up the crisis of his conversion on these words, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

But how many disobey the heavenly and pursue the earthly vision! Men see stretched out before them the divinely-appointed path, yet since it is different to their hope and desire, they refuse to enter upon it. They see rising before them the vision of duty, linked to toil and peril and temporal loss; and they spurn the choice to which they are called. But unstable visions of their own creating, bright with varied hues, visions of fame and wealth and pleasure, of success measured by possessions in gold and by the applause of the mass, these they pursue. These things fascinate and rule the heart, but the heavenly vision of stern duty and eternal reward they reject and disobey.

In what profound contrast do the words with which our great dramatist causes Cardinal Wolsey to leave the stage, stand with those of St. Paul. Wolsey was one before whom the earthly vision had risen in its richest colours and most fascinating guise. That vision he had obeyed with wondrous ability, assiduity and success. It seemed to become a great and striking reality, built of solid columns and decked out with imperishable colours. Yet because it was an earthly self-made vision, not heavenly and divine, it proved but a brief, delusive fascination, "the baseless fabric of a vision"; and in a bitter and hopeless end the poet makes him exclaim:—

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

It was but the confession that Wolsey had been "disobedient unto the heavenly vision." He had failed in the crisis of life, had yielded to the evil fascination, had been mastered by an empty show; and having made a false choice reaped its fatal consequences.

Therefore, since we all see visions, let us choose with care and wisdom which we will follow. There will rise before our eyes, visions full of promises and charm, endowed with power to

¹ 2 Cor. xi. 26, 27.

fascinate the heart, offering a fulness of this present life; and there will be visions devoid of beauty, empty of fascination, whose colours are cold and outlines stern, having no earthly promise, but telling of duty and service and loss. Which shall we obey? The test of a vision is not the promise it gives, the fascination it

wields, nor the glamour wherewith it invests life. The test is that of its origin. Is it conjured up by man, or displayed by God; is it earthly, or is it heavenly? Well is it if we can detect the true from the false; better still if we can say, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." J. T. L. MAGGS, B.A.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THEIR TEMPLES.

THE TEMPLE AT GWALIOR—(*concluded*).

THE assertion that the kingdom of Buddha had been from beginning to end free from persecution; that it had come with the gentle force of persuasion, and had been conquered by the superior charm of Hindoo temple worship; that its birth and death alike had been free from violence, the latter a painless passing away—a veritable Nirvāna—is not altogether borne out. Some of the southern Puranas speak of cruel persecutions which the monks had to endure. The Buddhist chronicle of Ceylon betrays an animus against Brahmans, which is very different from the mild spirit we are accustomed to, and cannot be attributed but to one cause.

The chief place where professors of either creed, believers and heretics according to one party, believers and atheists according to the other, faced each other, was Benares: within the city stood the temples of Shiva, without lay the Deer-park, with thirty monasteries.

The remainders of one of these have been examined.¹ Searches have brought to light numbers of images, apparently concealed by the monks before their departure, brazen vessels and half-cooked food hastily abandoned, walls cracked with intense heat, charred timber, human bones and idols fused into huge heaps; all this leaves no room for doubt that the buildings were burnt down by an enemy, and that a great final catastrophe overtook the stronghold of Buddhism in India. Scenes of violence, caused by a sudden burst of passion on the part of a fanatical population, were however the exception, and occurred only where monks openly derided the Hindoo gods.

The priests overcame a sect, whose teaching struck at the existence of their gods—and of themselves—by compromise, by meeting it half-way; by taking over from Buddha's teaching whatever agreed with their system, even as the appearance of the Teacher had been in harmony with their conception of a holy man. Brahmans were men who combined with learning

and subtlety of thought a knowledge of the world and of human nature. They possessed the power of assimilating whatever the various races of India held for sacred; the simpler and purer faith of the Vedas, the serpent-worship of the earlier settlers, the demons and the hobgoblins of aboriginal tribes, the highest and the lowest—all found a place in their pantheon. An honoured and noble position they gave to Buddha. "Of the highest gods, so they said, only one, Vishnu, had descended into this world, had clothed himself with flesh and blood in times of peril and need. He appeared in shape of a tortoise, a boar, a man-lion and a dwarf; his last incarnation was Buddha. In this disguise he deluded giants and wicked men to despise the gods and to bring destruction upon themselves."

The giants were no doubt suggested by the huge statues of Gautama set up everywhere. The legend curiously illustrates the antagonism between "the wicked men" and "the gods," and the solution of the strife, as well as the craft of the priests, who succeeded in discrediting the teaching of Buddha, in honouring the Teacher, and bringing those who obeyed him back to their own fold. But the influence of Buddha had been too deep to disappear without a trace; it was not entirely swallowed up by Brahmanism; and modern Hinduism has still retained something of his spirit.

There is a tacit admission amongst Hindoos, that caste is an evil, at least an imperfection, which must be overcome under certain circumstances. Reformers like the Vaishnavas and Shaivas have laid stress on the principle of faith and love, and proclaimed the social equality of all who enroll themselves in the same society. At the meetings of certain sects, of the Saktas and Tantrikas, at certain places of pilgrimage, at Puri and Tripati, such distinctions are for the time laid aside, and these, and the great temple of Jugannath are Temples of Concord for all castes.² In the domestic life of the Hindoos, in their patience, their gentleness, and frequent acts of kindness, we see Asoka's edicts still

¹ By Major Kittoe and by General A. Cunningham, comp. "Archæological Survey of India" (vol. i.) and "Ancient Geography of India."

² Sir Monier Williams. "Hinduism" (S.P.C.K.), 1878.



THE TEMPLE AT GWALIOR.

observed, although the pillars his commandments were written on have nearly all disappeared.

The history of religion is reflected in that of architecture. In the dark age, between 650 and 1000 A.D., the later monasteries and churches of the Buddhists disappeared, excepting those which the hand of the destroyer could not touch, which were cut in the rock.

But there were forms of monastic cells, which could not be excavated. These were pyramids with verandahs round the base, and terraces one above the other, the sleeping-cells opening upon them. The ruins in the neighbourhood of Peshawar show that a number of such buildings were erected to form a quadrangle, from which a passage led across to the pantheon, the court which contained images and votive offerings of all kinds. An exact copy of such a pyramid we possess in a small temple, perhaps earlier than the seventh century carved out of the solid rock at Mahavellipore, in the neighbourhood of Madras. It is 27 feet by 28 feet, and 34 feet high; it has retained the architectural features of its original; we can easily discern the verandah, the pillars that support it, and the terraces above. Of a very similar form is a small shrine, also cut out of stone, at the entrance to the Indra Subha Cave at Ellora, some time before 750 A.D.

The Hindoos required in their temples a cell, which contained the image of their god; and they indicated this most sacred spot externally by a tower or spire; for the latter they found a model ready made, not indeed in the tope like that at Sarnath,¹ but in the many-storied *vihara*, like that erected at Bodh Gaya, in the sixth century. The pyramid became the original of all the temples of southern India. A typical example is to be seen at Bodami in the Dekhan. The pyramidal hive of cells, in which the Buddhist monks resided, and the pyramidal nine-storied tower with pillars and niches, became amalgamated and formed a temple, like the one pictured on the opposite page, at Gwalior, which was dedicated to the god of the Brahmans, to Vishnu.

There exists thus, it appears, but one line of buildings, that shows us the way across the wreckage of the dark age, and proves the connection between the Buddhist *vihara* and the Hindoo temple. There are indeed other edifices: the temple at Aiwulli as well as one of the raths at Mahavellipore, illustrate the conversion of the chaitya, or the church, into the Hindoo temple of a different kind; but this phase of development must be reserved for another paper: it is enough to have shown how the Hindoos embodied the form and the material of a strange creed into their fabric of worship.

The temple at Gwalior stands in the middle of the fort.² The long line of battlements crowning the scarp of the hill which rises precipitously to

the height of 300 feet above the city, is broken only by the lofty towers and fretted domes of the palace of Rajah Man Singh; midway over all towers the giant form of the massive temple, grey with the moss of ages. Situated on high ground, it forms the most conspicuous object in the view of the fortress. The design of the temple is similar to that of many shrines in southern India. In plan it is a square of 60 feet with a projecting portico of 11 feet on the eastern side. The sides slope rapidly upwards to a height of 80 feet, and the horizontal ridge on the top is about 30 feet in length. The external ornamentation has a different character on the lower and the upper half; the lower consists of numerous niches with lofty and massive pinnacles; the upper is encircled by broad horizontal bands of moulding, some plain and some flowered, broken only by two lines of small square-headed niches near the top of the building. The figure of an eagle, which appears over the ancient doorway, shows that the temple was originally dedicated to Vishnu. But the image of a bull, as well as the symbol of Shiva, which are present in the shrine, prove that its use has been changed for that of the latter deity, and illustrates thus a change and development which has taken place within the pale of Hindoo religion.

The name of the building does not disclose its history; the undignified appellation *Teli ka Mandir*, "the oil-dealer's temple," refers probably to the wealthy bunya, tradesman, at whose expense it was erected. Like the other ten Hindoo temples at Gwalior, it escaped destruction, at the hands of Sikandar Lodi, 1567, only owing to the strength of the fortress. At that date already the change of worship mentioned above had taken place; but from inscriptions, partly written in red paint and partly chiselled, we infer that the original services to Vishnu were rendered here as early as the ninth or tenth century; and this is the age—attested by the style of building—in which the temple at Gwalior was erected.

All in the Day's Work.

ALL in the day's work—tired heart,
Lift the load bravely, and do thy part,
God will do His:

"And, be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong!"

All in the day's work—straight from Thee
Comes the right task Love sets for me;

I will attempt it:
"For, be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong!"

All in the day's work—let it be
Or short, or long, 'tis all for Thee,

Singing I'll do it:
"And be the day weary, or be the day long,
I shall sleep to awake with the angels' song!"

MARCIA TYNDALE.

¹ Vide SUNDAY AT HOME, November number, p. 40.

² We are indebted for the description of the temple to the "Archæological Survey of India," vol. ii. pp. 331 and 356.

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE T. STOKES, D.D.

II.—THE APOLOGY OF ARISTIDES.

IN my last article I endeavoured to set forth the ancient evidence for the authentic character of the Apology of Aristides. Before I proceed to describe its contents and to give some specimens of a document which breathes the very spirit of the Apostles, let us first have the remainder of its story. I have already quoted the evidence of Eusebius touching its existence and character.

St. Jerome, who was a very learned man—in some respects the most learned of the Christian Fathers, because he was a first-rate Hebrew scholar—knew of the book about the year 400. He described it in his letters, and also in a Catalogue of Celebrated Men, a handbook of Christian Celebrities of the early ages, something like the Dictionary of National Biography which is now appearing. Then the Apology disappears from the West, and we hear of it no more.

At the Reformation, indeed, and with the revival of Greek learning after the fall of Constantinople, there were some expectations of its recovery. In the seventeenth century, a French traveller reported that the monks of a monastery near Athens possessed a copy of it; but another Frenchman, the Huguenot traveller Spon, sought it there in vain two hundred and fifty years ago. No European copy turned up till the East and the library of Mount Sinai yielded up its treasures to Professor Harris.

But how came a document composed at Athens, in the second century, to find its way into the Syriac tongue, and take its place in an Eastern library? I have said a little upon this point in a previous series when writing of the Diatessaron of Tatian, but a few words more may not be out of place. In the second and third centuries, the Syrian Church, speaking the Syriac tongue, was the most intellectually active of all Christian Churches. The Syrian Christians were then scattered all round the Mediterranean, and they brought back with them to Syria Christian documents from all parts, which scholars among them translated into Syriac for the benefit of their fellow Christians.

There was another influence too which tended to enrich the Syrian Church. The whole Christian commonwealth was then one and undivided. All Christian Churches were then in communion one with another, and they transmitted important church documents from one to another. Fifty years after Aristides presented his Apology to Hadrian, the Christians of Lyons and Vienna in the south of Gaul suffered a terrible persecution. They were not content with laying up an account of the martyrdoms in their own church records. They also forwarded a narrative of them to the

churches of Asia Minor, whence Eusebius copied it, handing it down to posterity in the pages of his history. So it was doubtless with the Apology of Aristides. It told upon the Emperor Hadrian, and led him to extend toleration to the Christians, not only in Greece, but all over the world. The Apology would therefore be of great interest to the Syrian and Asiatic churches, where it was duly circulated; and hence it was that Eusebius and Jerome, two men who lived in Palestine, where Syriac was the common language, are the only two ancient writers who describe it.

After these preliminary observations, let us come to the Apology itself, and see what Christian controversy was like in the times succeeding the Apostles. This fact alone makes it most interesting. The Acts of the Apostles in one or two places give us a brief account of St. Paul's method of dealing with the heathen. But the record is very brief; we know well enough how the Apostles dealt with the Jews, and the line of argument they adopted. Their home education as Jews had well qualified them to deal with their own nation. They knew all about the ancient expectations of a Messiah, and the prophecies concerning His coming, and the popular methods of interpreting the Old Testament which sometimes seem so strange and peculiar to our Western minds. But they had had no such preparation for Pagan controversy. They knew nothing of Greek philosophy or of Greek religion; nay rather, as pious and orthodox Jews, they must in their early days have considered it their duty to ignore the whole subject. Time and circumstances altered their position, and the strain of active missionary labour must have compelled them to face questions and topics from which their souls revolted. Yet, save the brief narrative about St. Paul's address to the Pagans of Lystra, in the fourteenth chapter of the Acts, and the brief extract from his address at Athens, in the seventeenth chapter, we know almost nothing of his dealings with idolaters. Now it is upon this topic and the arguments he adopted that the Apology of Aristides throws light, giving us a glimpse of what an exhaustive history of the Primitive Church might have told us concerning apostolic methods and addresses.

It may be objected that Aristides wrote sixty years after St. Paul's death, and twenty-five years after St. John's, and is therefore too late a witness to be worth much. But then we may be sure that he simply followed the methods which had come down from the first teachers at Athens—from Dionysius the Areopagite, for instance, the first bishop of Athens, and the men of his time with whom Aristides may have been acquainted. We have proof positive of this conservative

character of the early Christians in one fact. Aristides and Quadratus were the first of a long list of Apologists who waged war against Paganism, and whose works still survive in print.

The writings of the Second Century Apologists have been collected and published in nine volumes by an eminent living German Protestant theologian named Otto. He begins with Justin Martyr, who came a few years later than Aristides and was, till Aristides was discovered, the earliest Christian controversialist with whom we were acquainted—and then gives us all the other Apologists of the second century. They all follow the methods and line of argument used by Aristides, no matter where they lived or wrote.

Hence we conclude that if the writers of the second century, commencing from the very earliest, all used the same methods, they must have derived them from the Apostles and the other Christian teachers of Scriptural times; just as a missionary who now goes to India, no matter how clever he may be, follows the lines marked out by the wisdom and experience of his predecessors. And then, as a matter of fact, when we come to compare the language and arguments of Aristides with those used by St. Paul, we shall find that they are identical in tone and tendency, so far as we can decide where in the one case we have a long-drawn and elaborate argument, and in the other have merely the condensed report given in the Acts.

One great interest then of Aristides is from a missionary point of view, to see how the Apostles and their followers dealt with the heathen—what kind of arguments they found most effective.

Aristides begins his address to the emperor by stating, as St. Paul often does, the effect of the contemplation of nature upon his own soul, teaching him the Eternal power and Godhead of the Author thereof. In the very opening of his argument he attacks that subtle Pantheism, with its belief in the eternity of the material universe, which characterised the religions of Greece and Rome.

O King, by the grace of God, I came into this world, and having contemplated the heavens, and the earth and the sea, and beheld the sun and the rest of the orderly creation, I was amazed at the arrangement of the world; and I comprehended that the world and all that is therein are moved by the impulse of Another, and I understood that He that moveth them is God, who is hidden in them and concealed from them; and this is well known that that which moveth is more powerful than that which is moved. And that I should investigate concerning this Mover of all, as to how He exists, and that I should dispute concerning the steadfastness of His government, so as to comprehend it fully, it is not profitable for me; for no one is able perfectly to comprehend it. But I say concerning the Mover of the world, that He is God of all, who made all for the sake of man; and it is evident to me that this is expedient, that one should fear God and not grieve man.

The argument of Aristides in this passage is just the same as St. Paul's at Lystra, or in that great indictment of Paganism contained in the First of Romans, an indictment which Aristides amply confirms in all its awful details. To the men of Lystra, who proposed to worship him,

St. Paul spoke in language which Aristides echoes: "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and bring you good tidings, that ye should turn from these vain things unto the living God, who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and all that in them is; who in the generations gone by suffered all the nations to walk in their own ways. And yet He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good and gave you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness."

Of the same sort was St. Paul's argument at Athens, where he told his philosophic audience: "The God that made the world and all things therein, He, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is He served by men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He Himself giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and He made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

While again we find exactly the same line of thought further elaborated in the first chapter of Romans, where we read: "That which may be known of God is manifest. For the invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity."

The evidence of natural religion is a chief subject-matter of appeal, whether with the Apostles or with their earliest followers.

Aristides next proceeds to expose the immoral character of the various religions of Paganism. He first attacks the error of the barbarians, that is, the nations outside the circle of Greek and Roman civilisation and religion, using the word barbarian in exactly the same sense as St. Paul in Romans i. 14: "I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians." Then he brings forward a weighty indictment against the gods of Greece and Rome. We can only give a few specimens of the argument as Aristides works it out in the course of four long chapters, from the eighth to the twelfth.

The Greeks then, because they are worse than the barbarians, have erred even more than the barbarians in that they have introduced many gods that are made; and some of them they have represented as male and some of them as female; and in such a way that some of their gods were found to be adulterers and murderers, and envious and jealous, and angry and passionate, and murderers of fathers, and thieves and plunderers. And they say that some of them were lame and maimed, and some of them wizards and some utterly mad.

Aristides thereupon enters into details concerning the crimes of the gods, concluding thus:—

The Greeks, then, O King, have brought forward what is wicked, ridiculous and foolish concerning their gods; in that they called such persons 'gods who are no gods, and

hence men have taken occasion to commit adultery and plunder, and do everything that is wicked and hateful and abominable. For if those who are called their gods have done all those things that are written above, how much more shall men do them who believe in deities who have done them?

He then discusses the history of the gods individually, beginning with Kronos and proceeding to the story of his son Jupiter, whose immoral deeds he details; after whom he treats of the crimes of Vulcan, Bacchus, Hercules, Apollo, Diana, and all the principal deities to whom worship was then offered at Athens. While again and again Aristides recurs to the same idea, as if it were the dominant note in his argument: If the gods have done these things how much more shall their worshippers imitate them?

Aristides next passes to the case of the Egyptians, whom he regards as in a more degraded state, religiously, than either the barbarians or the Greeks, because the Egyptians, not content with the worship of men, or of beings in human shape, proceeded farther to worship beasts and creeping things.

Some among the Egyptians worship the sheep and others the calf; and some of them the pig and others the shad-fish; and some of them the crocodile and the hawk, and the cormorant and the kite, the vulture, the eagle and the crow. Some of them worship the cat and others the dog. Some adore the serpent, the asp, the lion, garlic and onions, the leopard and the like.

Now these passages—and they are only brief extracts from lengthened arguments, filled with horrible details of the wicked deeds done by the deities whom the common people were expected to revere—exhibit a very accurate, minute, and intimate knowledge of the Pagan religion of St. Paul's day, such a knowledge indeed as St. Paul or the early Apostles could not have been expected to possess, especially during their earlier missionary journeys and exertions. St. Paul was sent probably when about thirteen years of age to be trained by Gamaliel, under whose direction he continued till the time of his conversion. Gamaliel was indeed more liberal than the usual run of the Rabbinical teachers in the views he took of the Greek language and literature, but still it is impossible that he could have permitted to his pupils that wide and intimate knowledge of Pagan literature which Aristides gives us. St. Paul, however, could not help having a general knowledge of Pagan worship, and he argued in precisely the same way and drew precisely the same general conclusions as Aristides did. St. Paul, looking upon the heathen gods, did not regard them as a modern school of artists, poets and literary men do—as deities teaching the laws of beauty and purity and discipline and chastened bearing and sanctified love; but he saw them and branded them as patrons of every foul affection, of every corrupt art, of every unhallowed and dissolute passion. The Apostle's missionary addresses sketched the lines in fact on which Christian controversy subsequently proceeded. Justin Martyr, and Clement of Alex-

andria, and Tertullian, and the other great teachers of the latter half of the second century, developed the apostolic argument; and now this Apology of Aristides comes to light showing us the connecting link between St. Paul and those later teachers; enabling us to realise how the immediate disciples and followers of the Apostles laboured, taught and preached.

Christianity has now so raised the tone of thought and speech and writing that it is almost impossible to illustrate these statements from the pages of classical literature, which was so corrupt that we cannot wonder at the primitive Christians teaching that it was impossible for one of their number to be a schoolmaster. But one passage recurs to my mind, which can be quoted, and which forcibly illustrates the view of Aristides, that Pagan deities and Pagan worship tended to make people bad and immoral. Ovid, who flourished about the time of our Lord's birth, has left behind him works which serve to show how depraved literature may become under the influence of a religion of unregenerate human nature such as Paganism was. Ovid's writings serve also to illustrate the contention of Aristides: "If those who are called gods work wickedness, how much more shall their worshippers do the same?" Ovid celebrated the gods and their doings, but all the same he was keen to mark the folly of their worship, and the bad moral results which flowed from it. So in the fifth book of one of his poems called *Fasti*, he mocked the popular religion of Rome and explained how it corrupted the trading classes. He gives us a satirical representation of the private devotions of a Roman shop-keeper of his day, which exactly bears out the statements of our Apologist Aristides:

The fountain of Mercury is near the Capenian Gale; if we may believe those who have tried it, it is of divine efficacy. Hither comes the tradesman with a girdle round his robes. He draws some of the water to carry it away in a perfumed urn. In this a laurel branch is dipped and with the wet branch are sprinkled all the things that are for sale. He sprinkles his own hair, too, and runs through his prayers in a voice accustomed to deceive: "Wash away the perjuries of the past," he prays; "wash away the lying words of the past day, whether I have called thee or the great Jove to witness falsely for me, or if I have knowingly deceived any other of the gods or goddesses. Let the swift breezes bear away my wicked speeches. Let there be no trace left of my forgeries on to-morrow, and let not the gods care whatsoever I may choose to say. Do but give me profits. Give me the delight that rises from gain, and grant that it may be lucrative to me to impose upon my customers." From on high Mercury laughs at his worshipper while making such request, remembering that once on a time, he himself stole the Ortygian kine.

Ovid, like many another bad man, had eyes keen to mark the inconsistencies of religion. Mercury was a thief himself, according to popular repute, and therefore his worship only tended to foster dishonesty among the Roman shopkeepers who were his special votaries. One passage from St. Paul's writings, intended for the instruction of

the very same class, offers a sufficient contrast as to the practical results of Christianity in the region of daily life. "Wherefore, putting away falsehood, speak ye truth each one with his neighbour: for we are members one of another. Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have whereof to give to him that hath need. Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for edifying as

the need may be, that it may give grace to them that hear." A man's moral sense must be in a very low condition if he does not recognise at once the divine superiority of this Christian teaching. Surely, in view of the contrast which the two systems presented, Aristides and his fellow apologists were fully justified as they followed St. Paul's example, and pressed men to decide which system was from heaven and which was from man.

HIS LOST CHANCE.

A STORY OF THE STREETS.



T was some little comfort to us in our depressing and saddening work of hunting up the homeless that were to be found in the streets on Saturday nights, that there were but few children to be met with. Now and then a young child in his

mother's arms came across our path, but, as a rule, there were seldom any boys or girls alone, seeking the shelter of the bridges or the arcades.

But why on Saturday nights? the reader may ask.

In the first place, the little band of helpers had their own work to do during the day, and Saturday night was the most convenient, because Sunday was a day of rest, and gave opportunity for recovering from the night's labour; but chiefly because Saturday night brought us into contact with the greatest number, and with the worst kind of homeless wanderers. These pilgrims of the night, or some of them, find shelter in the casual ward on other nights; but application thereto on Saturday meant confinement within that drear abode all through Sunday. Then too on Saturdays there is more hope of a chance job, more to pick up by begging or cadging, or hawking, or by honest work; and Hope, that north star of every life, and no less of those who have little else to guide or to direct them, leads them on till the hour for entrance into the casual ward is passed; and then there is nothing but the streets or some shelter of bridge or arch or doorway until the morning.

On this particular Saturday night in December the weather was fair for the time of the year; it was dry, and not very cold—at least to us, who were protected by warm clothing and stout boots. But it was a cold and cheerless and rough prospect for those who had no shelter; and there were many such that night.

We had come eastward, starting from Piccadilly Circus. Trafalgar Square had no wanderers then, though afterwards it became famous, when public attention was drawn to these pilgrims;

the Embankment seats furnished none: the Strand was empty of them; but Covent Garden supplied what we were looking for. As we neared the Piazza on the north side, a dim, dark object ahead proved to be a group of people who began to move and open out as we approached; and then, as we stopped to speak to the first ones we reached, there came, crawling out from behind pillars and rising from door-steps, a crowd of wretches of different ages and sizes and conditions, but all related by the one common bond of being homeless.

They divined our mission, for these little Saturday night parties were no novelty to some of them who had before enjoyed the temporary shelter we were able to offer them.

Collier's Rents is the name given to a mission carried on by the London Congregational Union, at the back of St. George's Church, in the Borough. Formerly the building was the home of a Congregational church, but now it is used for mission purposes of various kinds; and on Saturday nights it served as a shelter for homeless wanderers of the streets.

Some of those whom our presence had roused from their resting-places knew where Collier's Rents was, and some did not, but all guessed we were on some good object bent, and came near us to get their share of anything that was going.

Usually it is well to survey the recipient of anything you may have to give, or otherwise you may invite guests who may be found troublesome; and usually, too, favours cannot be dispensed without discrimination, for there are more to receive than can be supplied. But on this night guests had been scarce, and when we got to Covent Garden we had scarcely begun to distribute our invitations; and Collier's Rents can open its hospitable doors to nearly three hundred, if need be.

The crowd surrounded us, jostling one another and us in their eagerness to get a ticket; they were not rude nor rough, as they might have been, though their number, their condition, and their forwardness to be supplied might perhaps

have given some concern to our friends for our safety, if they could have then seen us.

But there was really no cause for fear; the crowd was friendly and reasonable enough when spoken to firmly, and drew back and came in front of us when we demanded it.

Placing ourselves near a lamp so that we could get some look at the people, to assure ourselves that we were not likely to entertain any decidedly drunken guest, we began to distribute the tickets, having no time then to make enquiries; and as soon as they got them, they hobbled, or shuffled or limped off in the direction of Collier's Rents, some mile and a half away; some few of the younger or more agile went off at a brisk pace, as though first comers were likely to get best served.

When nearly all had received tickets—and there must have been quite a hundred and twenty—there remained two boys, the younger, perhaps, eleven, and the elder, thirteen years of age. On enquiry they told us that they lived at Hammersmith, that they had been trying to sell cigar-lights, that they had been not successful, and not liking to return home empty-handed, for fear of punishment, they had wandered on, hoping for better luck, which never came, and at last they were too far from home, and it was too late to return. This was their story which we had no means of corroborating; but it was enough for us then that they were homeless, and so we supplied them with tickets, without further questioning, noticing, as we did so, that the elder one had but one eye.

The guests as they arrived at the hall, fell off to sleep as best they could, and were not disturbed till breakfast was ready for them at six o'clock. Then after a short, bright service, consisting of singing and a brief address, breakfast was served, consisting of huge meat sandwiches and large mugs of coffee.

Before they were dismissed, the services of the day were announced, to which they were invited, and after which the cases of any who desired work would be examined into. Some few promised to turn up, but the majority were too long identified with the loafing class to be anxious to have any regular work provided. The two boys said they would come to the Sunday school, and they were promised to be helped to something better than street-hawking, if they were resolved to make an effort to improve their condition. A small sum was given to each for the needs of the day.

It had been noticed, however, that the older boy had now two eyes, and the addition of the second had quite altered his appearance—greatly for the better. On enquiring, he said he had a glass eye that he kept in his pocket, reserving it for special occasions; but we strongly suspected that it was used as recognition was or was not desirable.

The boys left, promising to return; and we really hoped they would, for it was early for those so young to be consigned to the streets. Circumstances may have been all hostile, and here was a chance for them to be rescued from the evils and the hardships of their life. But

the opportunity was not taken advantage of; here was the tide in their affairs that might have led on to better things, but it flowed in vain.

Going into the street, we saw a scuffle between boys—our boys they proved to be—and our arrival just prevented the robbery by the elder boy from the younger boy of the money we had given him. Both ran off as we came up to them, and we saw neither of them any more.

We pondered then, and have since, over the little things in our way that go to mar or to make life; the chances that come to us, the opportunities within our reach that seem so trifling at the time, but which so greatly affect us afterwards.

The story of our boy with the glass eye shall serve to make us desire to make the most of opportunities that present themselves, and to resist the temptations that may assail us.

BENJAMIN CLARKE.

How old art thou?

A QUESTION FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?"—*Gen. xlvii. 8.*

HOW old art thou? Thus falls upon my ear
The parting question of this dying year—
Asked of my soul: e'en as it breathes its last,
Waking sad memories of a painful past.
How old art thou? Full old enough to-day
To know the past is gone—and gone for aye.

How old art thou? Full old enough, I ween,
To know that much of sorrow thou hast seen—
Sorrow that pleaded with a voice divine:
"Compare thy sadness with the depth of Mine.
What is thy pain, thy sorrow or thy loss,
Compared with His who bore the bitter Cross?"

How old art thou? Just old enough to know
'Tis fully time thy follies to forego;
Time to repent and live for higher things;
Time to embrace the love which Jesus brings.
Do it to-day. To-morrow may but come
To summon thee to an eternal home.

How old art thou? Full old enough to be
A living witness of God's love for thee.
Hast thou been blest? To Him who blessed be true.
Art thou converted? Teach thy brethren too.
A sinner saved gives joy in Heaven above.
The world is better for each life of love.

How old art thou? Just old enough to die:
Childhood and age in tombs together lie.
How canst thou tell how soon the hour may be
When God shall whisper "I have come for thee"?
Hear then the pleading voice of Jesus say:
"Thou'rt old enough, if I should call to-day."

F. ST. JOHN CORBETT.

DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHAPTER III.



DOROTHY could not get to sleep that night. The sight of her grandfather's distress, and the strange things he had said, puzzled her more and more. What had he done, that he could never be happy any more? She could hear footsteps and voices in the passages, opening and shutting of doors, but she had forgotten all about the burglar now.

Presently she heard Mrs. Siggs and Jane come into the nursery, across the passage. Her door had had been left open to-night, as Jane had thought it would make her feel safer. Without trying to listen, Dorothy could not help hearing much that they said.

Mrs. Siggs heaved a deep sigh.

"What's coming next?" she said in a frightened voice.

"I'm sure I don't know," was Jane's answer, half-crying.

"Did you hear what Mr. Hibbs saw in the plantation close to the high road this afternoon?"

Mr. Hibbs was the gardener.

"No—what?"

Mrs. Siggs lowered her voice, and Dorothy could not hear all she said.

"A man hanging about . . . the Squire himself . . . walking . . . a brown beard . . . like what he used to have . . . twenty years ago . . . there could be no mistake . . . it was himself!"

There was a long pause; Dorothy held her breath.

"Well, I never!" from Jane.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather," said Mrs. Siggs, raising her voice, "when he told me that. We all knows what that means. And that Jill crying round the house, as she's been doing all day too."

"A death in the family, isn't it?" asked Jane, in an awe-struck voice.

"I'll never believe God'll let him go down to the grave till he's seen his son, and they be forgiven one another," said Mrs. Siggs, solemnly. "There was faults on both sides: no one knows that better nor me."

"I've never heard the rights of it," said Jane eagerly; "and it doesn't do to believe all you hear."

"There was faults a-both sides," said Mrs. Siggs, impressively again. "They was both as proud—as proud as pride, you may say. And neither one nor other wouldn't give in. And it's that that's made them what they are, and I'll say that, if it's my last words! And such a handsome young gentleman too, and him as good as engaged to Miss Margaret!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Jane, much interested. "Do'ee tell me about it, Mrs. Siggs."

It is highly improbable that Mrs. Siggs would ever have communicated any gossip about "her family," had it not been that a common fear of, and search for the burglar, had brought her and Jane together in a way that nothing else would have done. She cleared her throat; and Dorothy could hear the movement of their chairs as they drew closer to one another.

"Things wasn't always like what you see here, Jane;

and it's not so long ago, neither, that my young ladies was as gay as any of them, and the house full of company, too. There was four of them then: Miss Beatrice—that's Miss Dorothy's mother—and Master Hugh: they was the Squire's own children. And when his lady died, when they was quite little things, he took his brother's children to live with him, because they was orphans. Captain Bingley—that's Miss Dorothy's father—was a good bit older than the rest of them; and Miss Margaret, she was Miss Beatrice's age; and a sweet pretty pair they was to be sure. Well, they got engaged, Miss Beatrice to Captain Bingley, and every one said Miss Margaret would marry Master Hugh. The Squire, he didn't like Captain Bingley much; he'd been rather fast, and got into debt; but Miss Beatrice was set upon marrying him. Master Hugh 'ud just come home from college, and done with it altogether, and every one was that proud of him as ever was. And one fine day, the Squire got a letter from his lawyer, telling him that Master Hugh had got into debt badly, and had been borrowing money that he couldn't pay till his father was dead—something like that. And the Squire was that angry, you never see a man in such a passion. He'd been very free with Master Hugh, and he'd always said he had enough, did Master Hugh. And he wouldn't say a word about what he'd done with the money; and there wasn't no bills to show for it. And they had words over it, and I know how the Squire can speak when he's a mind to. That was at Christmas-time, Christmas eve, ten years ago to-morrow, if we live to see it; and after that night no one never heard nor saw Master Hugh from that day to this; and no one knows if he's dead or alive."

Mrs. Siggs paused for a moment.

"Go on, do," cried Jane.

"There ain't much more to tell," said Mrs. Siggs. "When Captain Bingley died, and that was a year after they married, it come out that Master Hugh'd borrowed the money to pay his debts, so as Miss Beatrice could marry him. And if he'd told his father, he wouldn't have let her marry him, and her mind was set on it, poor dear, and the Captain's too, and I don't blame him."

"And didn't they make it up then?" asked Jane eagerly.

"No, they didn't, more's the pity. We always thought—my young ladies and me—that the Squire wouldn't rest till he found him, and made it up; for Mr. Jones, that was our butler then, said he spoke to his son dreadful, and no one could expect him to stand it. They only spoke to him about it once, the young ladies did, and he got in such a passion, and forbade them ever to mention Master Hugh's name to him. He thinks he ought to have been open with his father, I know; and so do I. And it 'ud have saved a world of trouble to poor Miss Beatrice, if he'd had done it. There's faults a-both sides, Jane; and Master Hugh couldn't forgive his father for not trusting him. That's what he said to Miss Margaret, that very night. And I know what the Squire feels is that they kept back things from him as he ought to have known; and he's a very proud man, is master; and Master Hugh was just like him, mind and body too, for the matter of that. And that's why they can't ubear Christmas, any of them; because it brings it all back. And the Squire won't speak about it; and I think it makes it worse for all of them."

"And him blind, too!" said Jane, with deep compassion.

"He's not the same man he was, afore he was blind, in some ways," Mrs. Siggs went on. "You never see him smile and talk as he will now to Miss Dorothy. Her mother used to keep her out of his way, first of all, because of her father, and all the trouble the Captain had brought them. But she wasn't to be kept away, pretty dear, when he was going blind; and he's not the same with her as he used to be with his own children—very proud of them, but never no petting. They was always afraid of him, poor dears! More's the pity now."

"They do say that people changes very much when they're going to die," said Jane, in a mysterious voice. "What's that?" as a bell sounded loudly down below.

It was the supper-bell; but Jane's nerves were highly strung that evening. They went downstairs together, talking in a low voice.

Dorothy was still awake when Jane came to bed. She saw her look carefully into each drawer, behind the curtains, and more than once under their beds. Then, locking the door, she got into bed and put out the light. Long after she was asleep, as Dorothy knew by her snoring, the child lay awake, thinking, and thinking. Oh, if Uncle Hugh would but come back! And then she thought of her grandfather's tears—poor grandfather, poor blind grandfather! Oh, if she could only find out where Uncle Hugh was, that she might take him to his son. She had forgotten all about her Christmas tree, now. But when at last she fell asleep, it came to her again in her dreams. She was standing beside it with her grandfather, and it was lighted up with tapers brighter than any candles Dorothy had ever seen. And beside them stood the strange gentleman, who was really a burglar, but on whose arm her grandfather was leaning, while Jill ran from one to the other, licking their hands.

The Story of my Garden.

I SING the story of my garden fair,
A garden neatly kept with loving care.
Here at the window sit and see the view,
And I will point its features out to you.
It lies upon this hill with sloping sides:
Just yonder, hid from view, a river glides.
Turn you this way, an ancient church behold—
Beyond, are crumbling ruins, black and old.
Those lofty trees afford a pleasant shade
To many a weary man or toiling maid.
Among those waving boughs the sunlight gleams
And shines upon that fountain's sparkling streams.
See here a stately lily rears its head,
And creeping ivy carpets yonder bed.
Mark how the birds frequent that well-kept lawn,
And search for luckless worms or grains of corn.
Here, surely, you may wile the hours away,
And rest yourself in peace the livelong day.
Here business worries you may leave behind,
And, resting body, rest as well the mind.
Come out and throw yourself upon this seat,
And watch the waggons pass along the street,
And you will say, methinks, my garden's fair,
Before you've sat for many moments there.

My story now is done. The mask it falls.
My Garden is, the Garden of St. Paul's.

JOHN P. HOBSON.

QUESTIONS ON THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

I.—ST. PAUL.

1. In what city was Paul born, and in what part of the world?
2. Was it a distinguished city?
3. Had Paul any rights as a citizen?
4. Mention three occasions on which they were of service to him.
5. Shew that he was able to speak the language of the Greeks, and that of the Jews, which is called in the English New Testament Hebrew.
6. Quote two passages to show that he had read the Greek poets.
7. What trade did he learn? mention some others who worked at the same trade.
8. Quote his words to show that he was able to earn his living, even while he was going about to preach the gospel.
9. What does he himself say about his religious education, and mode of life?
10. In what other city besides his birth-place was he trained, and who was his teacher?
11. Was he at all distinguished as a pupil?
12. What is the first name by which we hear of him, and had it anything to do with his tribe?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. IV.—p. 32.—LAMB OF GOD.—John i. 35-37.

L-ight of the world	John viii. 12.
A-uthor and finisher of our faith . .	Heb. xii. 2.
M-orning star	Rev. xxii. 16.
B-ranch	Zech. vi. 12.
O-mega	Rev. xxii. 13.
F-orerunner	Heb. vi. 19, 20.
G-ood Shepherd	John x. 11.
O-ur peace	Eph. ii. 14.
D-ay-spring	Luke i. 78, 79.

NO. V.—p. 32.—GREEKS.—1 Cor. i. 22.

1. G entiles	Eph. iii. 1.
2. R omans	Acts xvi. 37.
3. E phesus	Acts xx. 16.
4. E paphroditus	Phil. ii. 25.
5. K ing	Acts xxvi. 13.
6. S aul	Acts vii. 58.

NO. VI.—p. 48.—STORK.

S-parrow	Psalms cii. 7.
T-urtledove	Psalms lxxiv. 19.
O-strich-Owl	Job xxx. 29.
R-aven	Prov. xxx. 17.
K-ite	Lev. xi. 14.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

NO. II.—p. 48.—PEACE.—Luke ii. 14; John xiv. 27.

P-aul	Acts xx. 33.
E-liphaz	Job xv. 1, 4.
A-bigail	1 Sam. xxv. 29.
C-leopas	Luke xxiv. 18.
E-lisabeth	Luke i. 40, 42.